Pray, Richard...
...pray for our lives... and John's...and that of our child.
Pray as you never have before.
Pray...?
To whom?
Closer! I need to see his eye!
I'm not certain how much closer I can get if--
MERDE!!

AHHHHH--!!
OwwW!! Idiot!!
I appreciate your gratitude, Madame.
Now if you've *any* magicks to work, for the love of God, *work them!*
Attendez, behemoth!
Behold me! Behold--
--and *perish!*

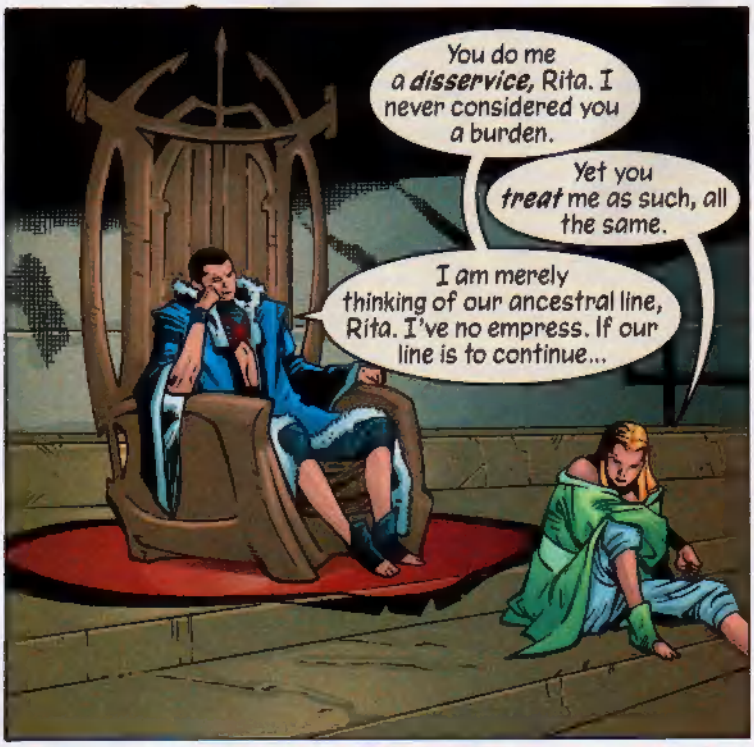
She did it!
The snake-headed wench did it!
Amazing. I wonder what sort of biological processes were involved...
You should learn, Sir Reed, to accept blessings for what they are.
Sir Reed is incapable of accepting ANYTHING for--
Oh, bugger me!
Captain Grimm... perhaps now would be a good time to go hard aport...
To the starboard, you fool! We need to go--
QUIET, the both o' ye!
Oh, nice plan! Bloody brilliant!
Shut up!!

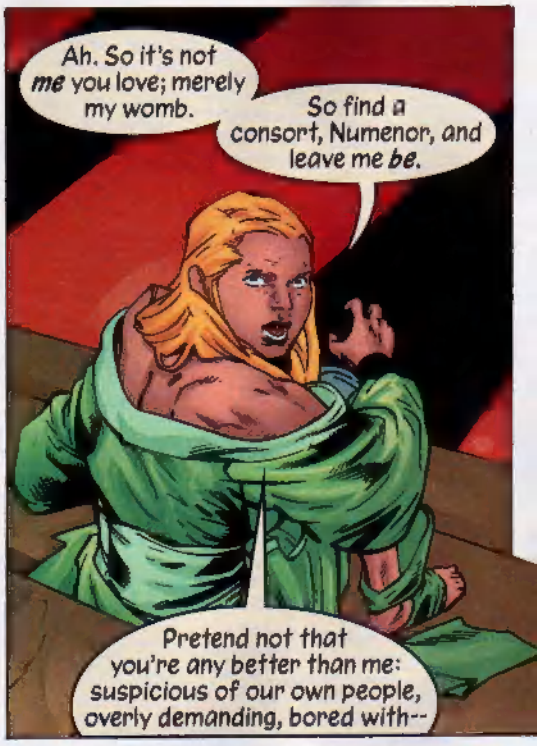
PLOOOOSH
Hold on!
This is YOUR FAULT, Reed--!
Not now, Otto!
OoOFffFF!!
AHHH!!
This ship is no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstaunched wench! I would fain die a dry death!
Those are good lines. Can I use those sometime?
What? What are you babbling ab--?
PLOOOSH
=glub=

Bring me down there! My place is with the Wizard--!
Just wait! They're almost clear and safe--
Oh, bugger, I don't believe it.
Do some-thing!
Good idea, that.
Pray tell...such as what?

Susan, how are you doing this? Projecting this field of clear energy to--
Richard... if you want us to survive...
...you will, for once in your life, stop asking questions!
As you wish.
"Blast and damn, Rita... I've had enough of this!"

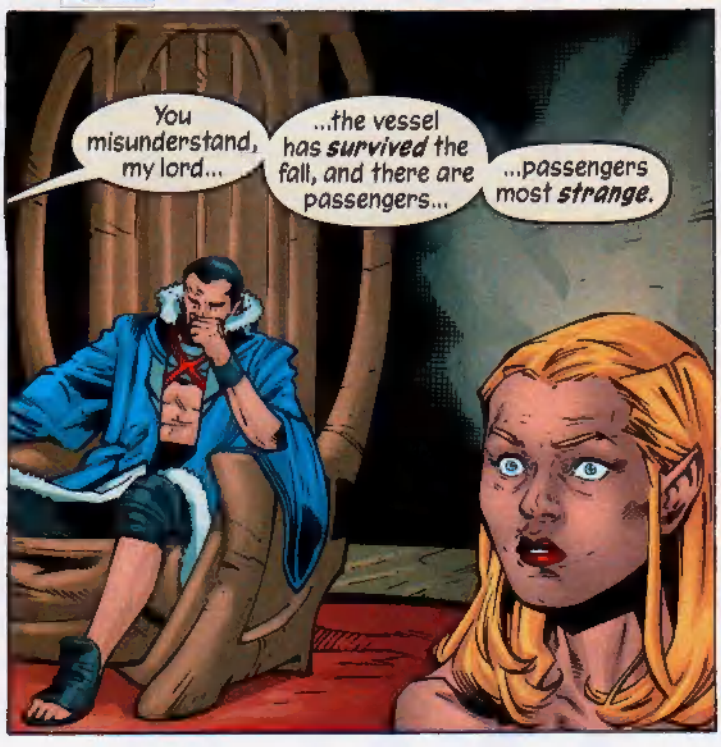
"I produce suitor after suitor, and you--rash and impulsive--dismiss them out of hand!"
"They're all *fools*, cousin. Fools and fakers, poseurs and bland. They think I cannot see their hearts.
"They care not for *me*. They care only for the power they think to attain *through* me."
By marrying me, they think to place themselves closer to the throne.
I'll not aid them in their gamesmanship, simply because you wish to marry me off and thus wash your hands of me.


You do me a *disservice*, Rita. I never considered you a burden.
Yet you *treat* me as such, all the same.
I am merely thinking of our ancestral line, Rita. I've no empress. If our line is to continue...


Ah. So it's not *me* you love; merely my womb.
So find a consort, Numenor, and leave me *be*.
Pretend not that you're any better than me: suspicious of our own people, overly demanding, bored with--

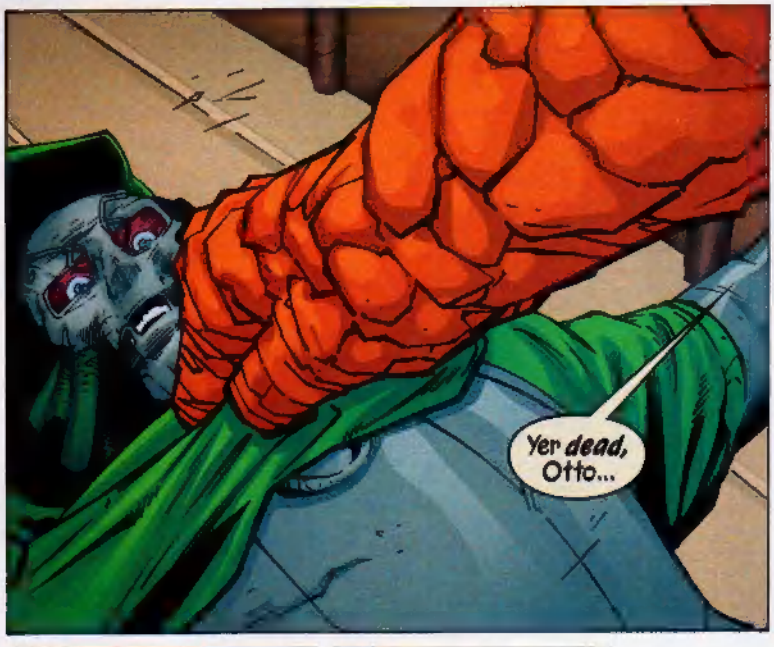
My lord Mariner!
Calmly, Warlord Krang. What can be of such urgency that--

A ship, my Lord Mariner. A ship has fallen from on high!
What of it? Have your men gather what strikes you as of interest, consign the bodies to the waters, and be done with--


You misunderstand, my lord...
...the vessel has *survived* the fall, and there are passengers...
...passengers most *strange*.

Well, then.
Let us greet them and decide if they shall live.

Unhhh...


Yer dead, Otto...

Kidnapping Will, dragging us into this...this whatever the hell it is you're up to! You--

You talk too much.

:POOOOF:

You-- :koff: you pasty-faced...

Unhhhh...

zZzZzZzz

WELL DONE, Master Marko.
I prefer "Sandman."
I'm sure you do.
Grimm's HIDE may be impervious, but I'll warrant his EYES will gouge out as easily as any--

Not as easy as all that!

Back away from him, Otto! Right now!
Medusa! Where's Medusa?
She's safe enough.
I'll kill him. I'll *kill* him.
Eh...?
DIEU!!
I did it. I found them.
More accurately, Otto, [redacted] did it and furthermore...

They appear a curious lot, Rita. Have a care.
Are you concerned my "rash impulsiveness" may land me in danger, cousin?
Always.
Now this is impressive. A being of fire.
Come no closer! Identify yourselves immediately!
You speak so to an emperor? Methinks whence you hail, you've no clue of manners.
Fortunately enough, you have come to the right place--
--for a lesson!
:glubbbbbb:

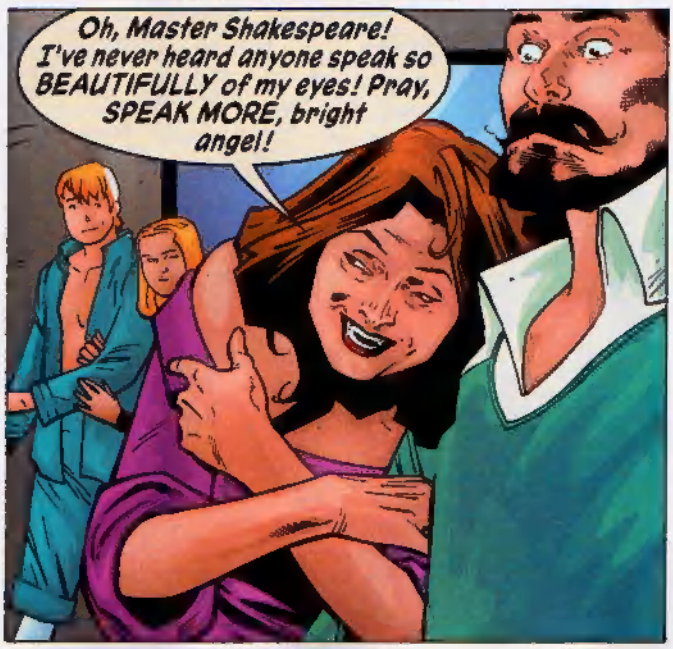
"This is amazing! Astounding!
"Wait until I tell Francis!"

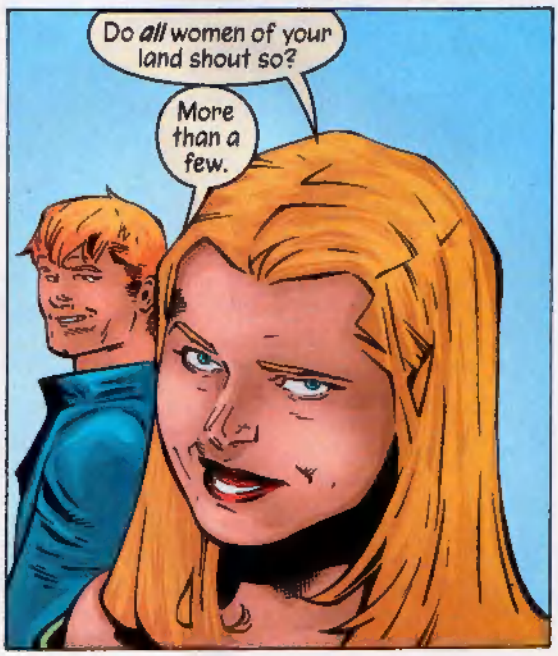
Francis?
Bacon. This city...it evokes memories of tales of Atlantis that Plato wrote of. An incredibly advanced civilization, "beneath the waters," as it were.
Bacon's always going on about it, claiming to be an expert. Wait until I tell him I actually walked the streets of this New Atlantis.

Streets filled with such goodly creatures! How beauteous they are.
O brave new world that has such people in it!

Mistress Evans, you have a facility with words that is breathtaking to--
Brazen witch.

Look at her, flaunting herself.
Master Shakespeare, your arm. Quickly.


Oh, Master Shakespeare! I've never heard anyone speak so BEAUTIFULLY of my eyes! Pray, SPEAK MORE, bright angel!


Do all women of your land shout so?
More than a few.

What do you mean, give it back?
Would you have me walk around, visible and naked, Sir Reed? Would *that* satisfy you?
I am simply saying that we have suitable attire back on *The Fantastick*. That accepting such a gift from this "Numenor" might be...
Might be what?
He looks at you in manner that I feel is inappropriate. Like a hungry wolf.
You believe he'll devour me?
I believe that we must be cautious. This entire city, it...
It what?
"The city of the gods"? What are we supposed to ***take*** from that?
He claims ancient deities fashioned this city. Created the winged sandals that he sports.
It's nonsense. Impossible. There must be scientific explanations for--
Why? ***Why*** must there always be? What of the ***miraculous*** circumstances that bestowed our abilities upon us?
"Miraculous" is merely an adjective, ***not*** rationality.
What of our ***child?*** You've seen him, floating within me. Life in the making. Life bestowed by God on high. Biology, yes, but still a miracle.
My love... don't you even believe in ***God?***

I...
Your woman possesses a fiery *spirit*, Sir Reed.
She deserves a man who *stokes* it...
...not *quenches* it.
Are you suggesting, Emperor Numenor...that you are that man?
I suggest *nothing*...except to say, Susan, that the gown is most *striking* upon you.
I...thank you for your words, my lord...
...but I think it wisest if I... *return* it anon.
I do not wish to appear ungrateful...but in my land, it would be... inappropriate...for an engaged woman to accept such a gift from another man.
I should point out that you are not *in* your land.
But naturally, I shall *respect* your wishes.